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Wonderland Demented

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Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

"Alice? Are you alright, darling?" "Yes, just fine, ill be right down." You say, but your not alright. Nothing is alright. Not when you can see Wonderland every time you close you eyes, or see your family dying at the hands of rabbits and razor sharp cards slicing into flesh. You had been kidnapped and taken to Wonderland once as a child, but escaped, killing the Mad Hatter who had taken many more children before. You thought you had been rid of them, not true as it turned out. They where hunting you, and nothing would get in their way. Your friend had been killed last week. The police had said it had been a rabid wolf, but you had seen the bunny, it stood in the gawking crowd. Laughing and tapping the time piece it swung on two inch long nails, "Times UP Alice," it screeched. Pulling on your petty coats and adjusting the short plaid skirt, you twist your long black hair into a pony tail. Your almost ready. Walking to your bed you pull out a dagger. You will need it, who knows what's waiting for you in boarding school. The hand gun gets tucked into your boot, and you wrap a pretty blue choking ribbon into a bow on you head. Its hard to save the world when the only one who can see the demons is you.

Chapter 2 by HarleneHjort

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"Yes... I've just been stressed about going to boarding school..." You mumble back. She straightens your ribbon and lets out a sigh.

"My baby girl, all grown up!"

"Mom! I'm not a baby!" You flinch back from her touch. If only they knew... If only they could see. You pack your bags and head out to the car. Boarding school... Why are they so eager to ship you out of the house? They don't understand how dangerous it is, especially with how close it is to the portal to Wonderland. You just lay your head back against the seat and prepare for the long drive ahead.

Chapter 3 by Gabbie



The sun is rising, causing bright oranges and yellows to run across the sky, reminding you of the mad hatters bright orange coat that changed colors based on his mood. You flinch at the memory and turn away. Everything reminds you of Wonderland these days.

You can't handle these flashbacks, these vivid recollections of your time there. Everyone still thinks that you ran away, what fools. How could no one see that their little Alice had changed? That her eyes were now haunted and these bags under them were not from stress at school. Humanity sickened her, with their therapists that thought they knew everything and the people all living happily. Oh, yes, what fools they are.

The car bumps over a hole in the road and your mother shrieks then laughs. How nice it must be to be able to laugh without cringing. To smile without thinking of that cat. To yell without remembering that towering woman in red or the woman that prophesied your death. You wish these things would go away but know that will never happen. Wishes don't work anymore, you're too old for that.

Chapter 4 by WaffleWarrior



Alice was scared. Her mother was carelessly leaving her in a school that was VERY close to the portal. Alice had forgotten where the portal was, which worried her. She walked out of the car and helplessly looked back as her mom drove away.

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A silent tear ran down her face.

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She walked into the building. She ran to the first class. The teacher was writing on the chalkboard and the bell had just rung. She

tinkered with a paperclip, as she waited for the bell.

A boy sat next to her. Alice looked at him and smiled. He had golden locks that obviously needed a cut, but he was cute.

"The name's James." He smirks.

"Alice." She squeaks out. The teacher turns around. A familiar face stares at her. She wants to scream and run, but she stays glued to her chair.

This is how you got captured Alice! Run! But she cannot run. She's too in shock.

Alices face looks like the victim in a horror film. The part where they're about to die. James notices, but he doesn't know what to say. She doesn't blame him.

Alice screams silently and her head hurts.

"Something the matter Alice?" He smiles creepily.

"Are you a stalker or something? This is the beginning of school, you shouldn't know her yet." James speaks bravely.

Alice stares at him and urges him to shut his mouth, he gets the message.

"Oh... we've, met before." He laughs.

James looks back and forth between her and the teacher. He can tell Alice is extremely uncomfortable and fearful of the teacher, so he stands up and says, "Get away from her you creep."

Alice wants to cry and hug James for his conviction. She wants to tell him the truth. But he won't understand.

"James sit down!" The teacher says she can't see him from the teacher.

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James sits utterly confused

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I need to go to the bell!

"Be back in 10, or I'm calling your parents." He smiles.

Alice rushes out of the room and races to the bathroom. Before she gets to the entrance and a hand grabs her shoulder and she screams and falls to the floor in fear. James backs up. Relief floods her body as he holds out his hand for her to stand. She puts her head in her hands, trying to hide the flood of tears.

"Do you know the teacher?" He asks.

"Yes." Alice says as she calms down.

"How?" He asks.

A flashback hits Alice and she winces. She didn't like that question.

"Who is he?" He asks as he realizes her stress.

"The Mad Hatter." She tells him.

Chapter 5 by jc



"The Mad Hatter? What are you talking about! His last name is 'Hatter' but that's the only connection. He never wears hats." James baffles me with questions. I look up, tears streaking my face. "You couldn't see the hat on his head?" I ask him. James looks confused. "What!?" He wasn't wearing a hat." "Bu- But he was. It was tall and black and had a ticket with "10/6" written on it"

Oh, how those numbers haunted me. 10/6.

I cannot deal with anything dealing with those numbers. When my cousin turned 6, I cried and did not attend her birthday party. It was at its worst on October 6th, I did not leave my room, I did not eat, I did not open the windows.

"Are you okay Ali- " James was cut off by a woman approaching us. My tears did not stop when

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"Oh, Hello. You must be Alice." Her black eyes seemed to freeze me at the mention of my name. "Our newest student, it is a pleasure to have you join us. I believe you will fit in quite nicely here, it might even feel *familiar*. My name is Ms. Hearts, I am the principal here at Wonderland Academy"

She points her pink flamingo cane at me. *She does not even need that cane. She can walk just fine.* I flinch at even the sight of her. I reach for the cane but quickly pull my hand back when I see the flamingo wink at me.

Horror strikes my mind, being forced to play croquet. The adrenaline and fear that ran through my body, formed from the constant threat of death.

"Whats wrong, Alice? Scared of a flamingo? I thought you were the curious type."

This teenage boy runs out of a classroom, with his pants lowered and a black hat on. He sees Ms. Hearts and he runs the opposite direction.

"OFF WITH YOUR HAT!" Ms. Hearts screeches across the hallway.

I push myself against the wall screaming, my long black hair covering my face as I scream my lungs out. James trying his best to cool me down.

The door behind us opens.

Mr. Hatter's head peaks out of the classroom. His orange curly hair falling near his shoulders. His icy blue eyes the opposite of those of Ms. Hearts'. "Everything all right here, Ms. Heart?"

"Yes, my dear Hatter. I was just helping Alice get to class, She seems to have gotten lost. Oh how the curious mind can wander."

I stare at Ms. Hearts as James helps me up from the floor. Her black eyes staring at me, making me feel like I have been dumped in a pool of ice water. Freezing every fiber in my being.

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"Goodbye Alice. I hope to see you again; And dont forget! 'All ways here are my ways'"
Ms. Hearts laughs fill the hallway as she walks away.

Chapter 6 by jc



"Very well then. Alice. James. Quickly to your seats. Before the bell ri-"

Saved by the bell

I quickly speed away from the Hatter, and onto my next class. Science. James quickly approaches me. "Hey Alice, wait up!" "Gotta go James. Going to Science with Mr. Ch-" I stop dead in my tracks. James slams into my back, and my textbooks I received all fall. James quickly helps me retrieve them. "Woah, Alice. You can't just stop suddenly in a hallway. There are people behind you." James returns my English textbook back to me. I shiver. *Even the orange on the textbook reminds me of the Hatter.* "Thanks for the help James, but i'm going to be late."

I approach my classroom and again, I quickly stop walking. *This is Hell, isn't it. This really is. I hope he doesn't recognize me.* Tears well up in my eyes as he says his first words to me.

"Oh Hi Alice. What a wonderful surprise to have you in my class. Here I teach the unexplainable, the mysterious science of the world."

I wince at the mention of my name, all day has been a nightmare; And now the fat cat is my science teacher.

I approach my seat and can't hold it in.

The screams all return back to me.

His *pink* coat reminding me of that mischievous pink color he was in Wonderland. The laughs, oh how the laughs haunt me. Everytime I get any sense of piece and quiet I hear his laugh, his song

And the mome raths outgrabe.

His menacing grin still appears in this world.

Oh Hi Alice.

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His classroom is filled with memoirs from Wonderland. In the Corner hides a Blue caterpillar on a red and white spotted mushroom, with colored smoke exiting the aquarium in which it lives.

All that smoke, its a surprise I didnt get sick from all of it. The stank breath of the caterpillar with all his riddles. How can I focus with the Cheshire Cat as my Science teacher, The blue caterpillar my pet, The Mad Hatter my English teacher, and the Queen of Hearts my principal. I cant take it anymore. One more mad person from that world and I myself might go mad.

Continuing to look around I see more memoirs that drive me crazy.

I approach the blue caterpillar. *Hellllooooo, Alice.* I scream. He's inside my head. I quickly walk to the next aquarium, unable to hold in the tears.

Walking towards the next aquarium I see flowers of all colors. The top of the glass box is covered, so I must crouch down to see inside the aquarium. Tiny yellow butterflies and flowers of all sorts. *Roses, Tiger Lily's, Daisies, Violets, Larkspurs. But not a single weed.* **I was the weed.**

All those thorns, cutting into my tiny skin. The song still playing as all the flowers cut me with the mission of killing me. "WEED! SHE'S A WEED! REMOVE HER FROM OUR GARDEN!" The mother rose would yell at the rest. Ordering them to continue stabbing me.

Tears continue to well up in my eyes, almost bursting. *Weed! Stop looking at us! You are ugly, and we do not want weeds to look at us!* They are in my brain, just like the blue caterpillar. I quickly walk away from the flowers and onto the next box.

The next glass box holds mushrooms.

Oh the pain. Growing and shrinking did not go easy, My bones crunching as I grew and shrunk. Unimaginable pain, that nothing no one has ever felt could come near to. I cannot eat mushrooms anymore. Even the grey ones, because to me I see red and white.

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Oh dont cry my young Alice. But I do have only one question for you. Correct me if I am wrong, but did you not have blonde hair during your last visit? Oh, Why would you ruin such a beauty. Much woe.

I walk back towards the aquarium in which the blue caterpillar lives. "Get out of my head!" I say to him.

"Something wrong, Alice?" I'm startled and turn around quickly to find Mr.Cheshire behind me. "O-Oh, N-No. Ju-Just wo-wonde-" I stumble my words, I cannot speak to such a horrid creature that has caused me so much pain. "Spit it out dear, Has the Hatter not taught you to speak!" The Chesire shouts. "I was just wondering how the caterpillar could be so blue." The Chesire sighs, his giant belly bulging through his shirt. "Always so curious little Alice; But don't go wasting your time, asking questions in which you already know the answers. Now sit down, class is starting and something tells me you want to be sitting for what I will show you."

Chapter 7 by LuxCh3rry



A sat down shakily, breathing in and out slowly. I got a few odd looks from my classmates but paid them no mind, I don't care what they think, I just want to survive this hell.

Books are handed out. Bright yellow books, /just like your old hair/, the caterpillar remarks. The girl handing out the exercise books pauses when she gets to me. Her hair is a shocking white, her skin pale and two glittering red eyes peer out at me, like Rabbit's eyes. **Rabbit's eyes!** I yelp and jump from my chair, resting a hand on the knife in my pocket.

"No need to be so startled" the girl quips, "I was only going to say welcome, you /are/ the new girl, aren't you?"

I nod and sit back down, maybe she wasn't the White Rabbit, a lot of people are albinos.

Before she moved on she pushed something into my pocket, "A welcoming present"

I reached in and my finger brushed something cool and metal, a golden stopwatch, with the hands stuck a 6 o clock.

Chapter 8 by Jojo



Many hours had passed as they banished the mental the bonds of the clock held and I was in a

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The watch jingled out of my pocket

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I can hear her rumbled laughter, slowly roll in my head. Everything is so distorted and I am so numb.

Its all too much, my sanity on edge. My hand finds comfort in feeling the outline of my knife. But its all too much, even that cannot comfort me.

In a flash I am out of the room. I could barely hear Jake or Mr. Chesire calling for me.

Just the caterpillars last words around a puff of smoke.

Just who are you?

I ran and ran, till the footsteps behind me stopped. But the hallway never did. It never ended, as I ran and ran.

Only when I was out of breath did I dare to stop.

Soon footsteps started again, echoing down the halls. They were even and paced as they came closer and closer.

Her heart beat fast in her throat, as she bent to retrieve her gun.

And the Mad Hatter appeared before her with a wicked smile.

"Isn't all this running, just simply *maddening*?"

He spoke calm as she rose, the gun pointed at him my arms taunt-ready.

The words never failed to choke in my throat as I spoke, "I killed you."

Yet it seemed more of a question than anything even with the gun I was still afraid.

The Hatter just tilted his head smiling even wider, "Are you sure?"

I remember the knife in my hands, heavy and wet. It was wet, glistening with his blood. But the haze of the memory was different this time.

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